

WOMEN GRAYED? NAY, SAYS MME. CALVE

"She Remains Young and Beautiful Just So Long as She Pleases," Adds the Famous Singer, "and at Fifty Is a Charming Companion."

Walk and Breathe Plenty of Fresh Air and Keep Both the Mind and Body Youthful by Simple Living and Avoiding Worry and Excitement.

"Walk along the corridor; take the first turning to the right, then go straight down to the last door on your left."

These were the directions given by a bell boy at the Savoy Hotel when he endeavored to indicate the locality of the apartments now occupied by Mme. Emma Calve, who to-night makes her re-entry at the Metropolitan Opera-house as Carmen.

Taking the "last turning of all," the visitor was speedily made aware why Mme. Calve chooses this out-of-the-way corner for her abiding place, for suddenly a flood of melody poured through the closed door, filling the little passage-way with music such as one would go far to hear.

Mme. Calve, it seems, practices in and out of season. There is a regular morning drill, after which any time and any place that best please her may be selected for an impromptu rehearsal. A high note here, sustained, trilled, diminished, triumphantly finished in full crescendo; a deep note of pathos there, followed by a bar of restlessness; or, perhaps, a half hour of steady, systematic exercise at scales—may one or all be expected to sound at any moment from behind the closed doors of the great singer's rooms.

"Entrez! Entrez!" came musical from within in response to a reluctant knock. Calve! Tall, commanding, glowing, fascinating! Blue-black hair, midnight eyes, scarlet mouth—winsome, capricious, impetuous.

She was gowned in some indescribable creation of filmy cream lace with dashes of black; big pearls around her bare throat; a long, white feather boa thrown carelessly around her shoulders—Calve is never seen without a box of this description—a crimson rose thrust carelessly in her bodice.

This was Calve.

Improves Her English.

"Charm, mademoiselle—but, I speak a little English, you see? Much better than at my last visit, and I understand much."

"Carmen—beg pardon, Calve—laughed, disclosing fascinating little white teeth."

And her visitor had come to ask this radiant being if she were losing her beauty?

"But you did say, Mlle. Calve—Calve is 'Madame' only to the public—on the day of your arrival that you did not want your pictures taken because you were losing your beauty?"

Calve laughed.

"The face de parler, my dear, nothing more. I never had any beauty to lose." Mlle. Calve said it simply and quite as if she meant it.

"I do not change much, I think," she went on. "I never was beautiful, so there is no loss to fear. But I am thinner, yes?" eagerly.

And, indeed, Mlle. Calve is decidedly more sylphlike than when first in America. She never looked better, never more radiant and beautiful.

"I am well, yes," she said, "but I live very simply, so why not? At home in my dear America I am a farmer. I live out of doors, and I walk and walk a great deal."

"But about a woman losing her beauty, mademoiselle—at what age do you think her physical attractiveness wanes?"

"Never! Ne-e-va-r!" very emphatically. "Unless she is lazy and does not care. The woman of to-day remains young and beautiful just as long as she pleases. Thirty, even twenty years ago, women at fifty were old. They looked old, they dressed old, they acted old, and why not?"

"They resigned all active interests in life and contented themselves with domestic and religious matters, as was thought fitting in persons of their advanced years."

"Look at the woman of fifty to-day. She is well dressed, active in body and mind; therefore retains the youthful carriage physically and the youthful

attitude mentally. She is attractive in every sense of the word, and, in addition to her firm, well-kept physical appearance, she brings the repose and experience of her years."

"The woman of fifty has found herself and is an agreeable companion to young and old alike."

Admires American Women.

"I speak more particularly of the American woman," she went on. "I admire her—oh, so much! She is tres charmante, tres jolie et intelligente! She is prettier than our French women. We have expression, yes, and that often gives the effect of beauty."

"But, physically, mademoiselle—take yourself as an example—you look positively younger, more beautiful than ever before."

"Tenez, tenez!" cried Calve, laughingly beating back the praise, metaphorically, with flourishes of the ostrich boa.

"But won't you tell us the secret of everlasting youth?"

"I do nothing—nothing at all," began the singer, seriously. "But, listen. An artist is not to be judged like other people. She is first, foremost and always an artist—more than she is a woman. An artist must look young and beautiful—it is part of her profession. So she does," said Calve simply.

"Yes, mademoiselle, but how—but why?"

"To desire is to attain," said Calve, sententiously. "Whatever one wishes very much, seriously and with the whole heart, concentrating all the energies on the attainment of the desire and believing firmly that it will be attained—never considering the possibility of any other result—why, then, you have it. There is no failure," she finished, convincingly.

"But that is Christian Science, Mlle. Calve, is it not?"

"Not Christian Science, not theosophy, or any other new doctrine, but just plain common sense."

Calve's eyes flashed as she talked, and she rested both plump white arms on the table, giving her entire attention to the subject in hand with the whole-souled energy characteristic of the woman.

Young Because She Has to Be.

"The artist is young because she has to be—there is no alternative. Just as soon as she gives up and lets go her grip, why then age and disease can claim her like any other mortal. But then she ceases to be an artist."

"Cannot any woman, then, follow that same plan of the artist, and so always remain young and beautiful?"

"If she has an interest in life strong enough to claim her whole attention, body and soul—yes. But the artist's life is a life of sacrifice. It is why one can attain heights in art, yet never know the height of happiness, which is the heritage of the simplest peasant woman, when she has achieved her woman's destiny—love, home, family."

"Mais, oui," said this versatile Calve, shaking off the mood like a cloak grown too heavy. "Life is the main thing to keep us young. Then, of course, rational modes of living, also. I am a no-nonsense woman."

"I eat very little—but just what I like. No regime to make me thin. Wine? Ver-ly-very seldom. I drink mineral water and milk and work much."

"Then the age at which a woman begins to look old?"

"Is the age when she thinks she is old and allows that thought to take the place in her mind. To constantly keep the mind young and active—sources that the body shall keep pace. Constant renewal of tissues is growth and youth."

"There are lines of experience, yes, which simply serve to add to the attractiveness of a woman's face; but lines of worry and discontent bring the appearance of old age, fast, fast."

"According to this rule, mademoiselle, all women up to the time there would be no old women."

"There are always enough who do not live up to this rule, mademoiselle. Others, why they remain attractive until the speaker's eyes grew tragic because they became so weary of life effort—then they let go. But that ends it, she said, her big eyes brimming with tears, and after that—ah, then, there is life!"

big bundle of papers under one arm, the other being used to support his little friend.

"Alphonse's near dead with cold. I want to buy 'in a bed for to-night.'"

ODELL NAMES HASBROUCK.

Kington Man Appointed Head of

THREE VIEWS OF MME. CALVE, WHO DECLARES THAT WOMEN NEVER LOSE ATTRACTIVENESS.



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MYSTERY IN DEATH OF WOMAN SOLVED

Man Who Was Arrested Is Let Go by Coroner, Who Declares that He Is Innocent of Anything Wrong.

Kate Norman died at No. 27 Second avenue, to-day. The police arrested Peter Walsh, who lived with her, and held him for the Coroner. Walsh says that her health had been extremely poor and that she was subject to alarming attacks of illness.

The place at No. 27 Second avenue is a lodging house. Walsh and the woman lived there but a short time, and nothing is known of her people. She complained of asthma and visited a free dispensary.

Walsh left the house at 6 o'clock to go to work. About an hour later George Norrie, the proprietor, heard the Norton woman groaning. He found her unconscious in bed, frothing at the mouth, and called in Policeman Fielding, of the East Fifth street station, who called an ambulance from Bellevue.

When Dr. Pierson arrived with the ambulance the woman was dead. He did not attempt to determine the cause of death leaving that to the Coroner's physician, although he said that a complication of diseases might have brought it about.

Policeman Fielding, hearing of Walsh, found out where he worked and went after him. He was taken to Yorkville Police Court and held to wait the result of the Coroner's investigations.

The woman was forty-two years old. Walsh was arrested before Coroner Jackson and gave his story. He convinced the Coroner that he was blameless and was discharged.

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Brooklyn, 489 Fulton St., opp. Abraham & Straus.

CRUSH ON BRIDGE MAKES GIRL SWOON

Miss Grace Wood, Carried Along by Rushing Crowd at Brooklyn Terminal. Faints—After Recovery Returns Home

Miss Grace Wood, twenty-three years old, of Eighty-fourth and Bay Sixteenth streets, Bath Beach, fainted in the terrible crush of bridge patrons on a platform in the Brooklyn terminal to-day.

She had come in from her home and had alighted from a Bath Beach train to take a bridge train.

As she waited the crowd became larger, the crush increased and the air was bad. Just as the bridge train pulled in there was a rush for the gates and Miss Wood was carried along in it.

When near the gates she screamed and fainted. Several men assisted her, cleared a space and she was carried into one of the offices, where she was returned to her home.

At about the same hour, on the same platform, under similar circumstances, lost Friday Miss Ella Atkinson, a saleswoman, of No. 135 Fifteenth street, Brooklyn, fainted. She was also sent to her home.

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Worth of S. M. Green Trading Stamps
Given free for
the outside wrapper and label taken from a 20¢ bottle of
HOLBROOK'S SAUCE
(the only imported Worcestershire)
When presented at any of the stores, owned or operated by any part of the U.S.
by
The Sperry and Hutchinson Co.
before
March 1st

MAID FOUND HER MISTRESS DEAD

Mrs. Mildred Robinson Had Probably Expired in the Fashionable Stafford Apartment House.

The body of Mrs. Mildred Robinson was found to-day in her apartment in the fashionable Stafford apartment-house at Nos. 11 and 13 East Thirty-second street. It is supposed that she died Saturday night, as she was not seen about the hotel yesterday, and there was no call from her rooms to the office.

Mrs. Robinson lived alone. Her husband, who is said to be in the cigar business in this city and wealthy, is not known to the hotel people. Annie Ward, of No. 113 Amsterdam avenue, was employed by Mrs. Robinson in the capacity of maid.

The Ward girl slept at home and was given Sundays off by her employer. She left Mrs. Robinson at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon and did not return to the apartment until to-day.

Letting herself into the apartment with a key she carried, she found Mrs. Robinson dead in bed. Everything was just as the maid had left it on Saturday afternoon, which adds to the belief that Mrs. Robinson died some time Saturday night.

The Ward girl hastened to the office of the hotel, where she reported the death of her mistress. Instead of notifying the police of the death in the police station, the manager telephoned to the office of the Coroner. In response to the message Coroner Jackson went to the hotel and took charge of the case.

In the mean time Mrs. Robinson's husband had been sent for. The police authorities knew nothing of the matter until it was reported to them by an Evening World reporter. Then a detective went around to the hotel and made inquiries.

He learned from the maid that Mrs. Robinson had been under the care of a physician for two weeks. She suffered from an internal complaint. Coroner Jackson announced that he could make no statement as to the cause of death until after a careful examination.

Was Run Down—Weak—Rheumatic—Paine's Celery Compound Cured Her.

Social Circles of New York Know Well the Writer of This Grateful Praise.

INTERNAL MALADIES.

"I Began to Think My Troubles Would End Only with My Life"

Pain and sickness know no rank or social station. The daughter of a patrician family, hedged about with every luxury and safeguard, may suffer misery just as intense

MISS MARSHALL SUFFERED FROM
Nervousness
Depression
Internal trouble
Womanly weakness

HER LETTER:
"When I was sixteen years old I contracted inflammatory rheumatism, and it had a very bad effect upon my entire health. I became nervous, and irritable, and I am often sorry now when I think how much my family had to hear from me."

"The pains were in my limbs, but also had internal trouble, which caused me great suffering. We tried a great many medicines, both for the rheumatism and the general weakness. But they did not seem to do any good, and I began to think medicines were of no use, that my sufferings would end only with my life."

"I did not expect any good of Paine's Celery Compound, but only took it because my father made me do it. In less than a week I had changed my opinion."

"The weakness which had made me an unhappy girl was first relieved by the Compound. Then gradually the rheumatism was taken out of my system."

"I will not say that it was a sudden cure. It took some time to conquer the rheumatism. I am thankful that my other trouble was relieved so quickly, or I might not have persisted in treating my rheumatism."

"I can now certify, however, that the rheumatism and my other trouble have been completely cured by your wonderful Paine's Celery Compound."

CHARLOTTE MARSHALL,
69 West 9th street, New York City.

as that which afflicts some poor rheumatic street merchant, or some over-strained, hard-worked mill girl. But wherever the pain or sickness can go, there, too, goes the cure—Paine's Celery Compound.

"Trace every disease or pain to the TRUE CAUSE. Pain is only the sign or symptom. It is idle to treat the pain itself. The only true cure for suffering is the cure that CURES THE TRUE CAUSE—weakness of the INNER NERVES."

—Professor Edward E. Phelps, M. D., L. D., of Des Moines, Iowa, the famous Discoverer of Paine's Celery Compound.

All the organs of the body depend on the INNER NERVES, and Paine's Celery Compound gives the nerve system the strength to MAKE all the organs work in health and harmony.

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NEWSBOY STANDS BY CRIPPLED CHUM

Colored Lad Works Early and Late to Help His Tiny White Companion, Who Has His Feet Badly Frozen.

Francis Longo, an Italian newsboy, twelve years old, whom his friends on the street call "Alphonse," is in Bellevue Hospital with his feet so badly frozen that the physicians fear amputation will be necessary. "Alphonse" was taken to Bellevue from the Children's Aid Society.

On the morning of Jan. 25, one of the bitter days of the winter, the matron at the Society had her attention called to two little fellows, one of whom had a

big bundle of papers under one arm, the other being used to support his little friend.

"Alphonse's near dead with cold. I want to buy 'in a bed for to-night.'"